

The Trey O'Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance.
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SYNOPSIS.
By arrangement with the Universal Film Company, the "Trey O'Hearts" in the Times-Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at the Superior Theatre, Synopses of preceding chapters: The story of the death of the young man, the strike breaker, and now we will have the story of the "Trey O'Hearts." So begins the action of the play, a judicious compound of melodrama, farce and romance, moving very swiftly.

The Kinetograph finds himself embarked on a course of adventures, thrilling and ludicrous both, which ends only with the final curtain. The second act sees him on an ocean liner, whither he has been smuggled in a trunk, and the last two acts are laid in Spain. A preliminary encounter with a hired assassin and a duel with the ghost, make the audience gasp for breath.

The scenic possibilities have been taken full advantage of, and the inn and castle give the real atmosphere of Spain. For the first time in the production in charge, the play has been many times before, the play being the property of his father-in-law, Maurice Campbell. "The Ghost Breaker" has never been seen here, and the hands of the Lucille La Verne Company, it should be a rare treat.

CHAPTER LVII.—UNITED.
Now, when Mr. Barcus had reviewed the scene for some moments, he remained himself of his manly satisfaction that that shore; and tolerably satisfied that there was nothing here to excite his "hunch" about Alan Law, the young man was on the point of instructing his chauffeur to drive on by the shortest and quickest way, when his attention was attracted to a curious movement of people in the heart of the close-packed throng of sightseers.

At a considerable distance from him a small disturbance had broken out—a clamor of protesting voices rising above the murmur of the mob—as a number of men, case-hardened roughs one and all, began to force their way into the V-shaped wedge through the throng, making their way to the point on the fire lines nearest the burning building.

What this meant Mr. Barcus had not the slightest idea. But his attention was first attracted by the manoeuvre, then by the face of a man who was following in the hollow of the V—an evil white face that seemed somehow vaguely familiar, somehow reminiscent of something strange that had happened in his history. The man was a mere flash of a glimpse that he got of that face; almost immediately the crowd closed in and blotted it from view; and only several seconds later when the V had appeared, he saw the face of the man who had been seen in the hollow of the V. He was a man of the New Bedford wharf the previous morning, beyond doubt, one of the first lieutenants.

At the same time, at the point where the V had paused, a wild uproar lifted up and, coincidentally, a wilder confusion became noticeable. A cry was audible—"Firebug! Lynch him! Lynch him!"—and at this the mob turned as one man and steamed away in pursuit of an invisible quarry, who chose to attempt his escape by a route directly opposite to that which would have brought him within view of Mr. Barcus.

Startled, and of a sudden persuaded that there might have been more in his "hunch" than was sanely to be credited, Barcus started up and was on the point of stepping out of his cab. If with a rather aimless purpose, when he was stayed by sight of that evil white face returning the way it had come—still in the hollow of the V, which now made faster progress, thanks to the disorganization of the mob by the chase of the alleged incendiary.

And now, Barcus saw, the man of the white face, the man who had been seen with him—some one whose head was banded and face concealed, but who seemed to be feminine.

And so, Barcus argued, why might it not be Rose Trine, suffering her persecution at the hands of her unnatural father's creatures?

He was too far away to make sure and attempt any interference, but he pointed White Face out to his chauffeur as the V reached a touring car on the edge of the mob, and the woman was lifted in (unresisting and apparently in a dead faint), and when the touring car swung round and picked up its heels, the taxi of Mr. Barcus trailed it as unostentatiously as if it was a pertinacious shadow.

Ten minutes later, from the rear deck of a ferryboat in midstream—a boat bearing back to New York not only the touring car of White Face, but the cab of Mr. Barcus—the latter gentleman formed one of a small but interested audience witnessing an incident of uncommon character, even for New York, wherein (we're told) anything may happen, and do.

He saw a young man, hatless, coatless, almost shirtless, tear down to the edge of one of the Jersey wharves, his heels snapped at by a ravening rabble, jump aboard a square-rigged vessel, which lay moored there, and execute a manoeuvre of despair by climbing up the rigging in a hopeless attempt to escape his persecutors. They were too many for him, and what was worse, they were headed by a squad of police, apparently as grimly bent on compassing the destruction of their quarry as was the mob. The rattle of their pistols was clearly to be heard above the waters, a small, spiteful fusillade, resembling, at that distance, rather strongly the popping of a pack of Chinese firecrackers.

As they swarmed up the rigging after him without a moment's hesitation, Hotly pressed, the fugitive climbed higher and still higher, until at length he gained the topmost yard; with three policemen not half a dozen feet below him and popping away for dear life, he happily with the notoriously poor marksmanship of policemen generally.

None the less, there was no telling when some accident might wing a bullet into the young man; and it was evident that he so decided.

(Continued To-morrow.)

AMUSEMENTS

(Continued From Tenth Page.)

ation, but she has since been more or less in the background. As the princess this week she will establish herself, beyond cavil, as one of the most attractive charming, able and irresistible lightful maid in Thespia's roster of ingenues.

Lucille LaVerne will be in the case, very much in the cast, but the part she will play is not yet or put her to rest. She is one of the surprises in which the play abounds. Suffice it to say that the larger portion of the comedy will be furnished by Miss LaVerne in a character part which is well, it will probably prove the most startling of all the delineations this fine actress has drawn.

In the matter of comedy dispensation Miss LaVerne will be aided and abetted by Sedley, as the detective has unlimited opportunity in his particular and distinctly individual brand of humor. Viola Fitzpatrick will be charged with the interpretation of the role of Dolores, a Spanish woman of certain temper and uncertain temperament.

In title, as in story and setting, there is an unusualness about "The Ghost Breaker," which is by Charles Goddard and Paul Dickson, but it is a young Kentuckian, who, in attempting to escape arrest in a New York hotel, breaks into a room in which is a Spanish

princess in need of some intrepid man to rid her ancient castle of its ghost. He expresses his scorn of ghostly power, takes his oath of allegiance and is engaged. As he explains it, "In America we have Roosevelt, the trust breaker; Farley, the strike breaker; and now we will have Jarvis, the ghost breaker." So begins the action of the play, a judicious compound of melodrama, farce and romance, moving very swiftly.

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SINGING QUINTET AND STAR DANCER AT LYRIC

What promises to be the classiest list of vaudeville offerings will be the season at the Lyric has been secured for the week commencing to-morrow. The big feature of the show for the first half of the week is a quintet billed as Ralph Dunbar's Sacred Singers.

It may be noted in connection with the first visit here of these singers that the quintet was a joint headliner with Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan on the Chautauqua Circuit. But it is for the artistic merit of the quintet that distinction is claimed. There are four singers and an accompanist. The vocalists are: Lakme Matzner, soprano; Elizabeth Baxter, contralto; Clara Smith, tenor; and Herbert Bradley, basso cantante. The accompanist is Herbert Johnston, a pianist of no mean ability. Music lovers will find in this act something worth a visit to the Lyric.

J. C. Lewis & Co., three children and two grown-ups, are programmed for comedy sketch that comes well recommended. The Adairs, Edith and Eddie, who sing, talk and dance, have a comical place on the new bill. Charles Weber is a comedy juggler, who will add to the variety of the show, while Jack Polk, monologist and parody singer, will contribute a budget of vocalisms and funny stories.

Heading the bill for the latter half of the week is the act of Nana and Company. Nana is the sensational danseuse who for an entire year was a feature of the New York Theatre, the bill with Nana and her dancers are: Lavine and Lavine, presenting an acrobatic novelty; Madison and James, man and girl, giving an amusing repertoire of songs, dances and patter; and Larry Batchelor, a musical comedian, whose performance is said to be quite unlike anything in the musical line the season has yet unfolded.

In conjunction with each of the vaudeville entertainments, the Hearst-Selig News Review in motion pictures will be offered, and a supplementary pictorial exhibit, designed to instruct and amuse.

"THE TEMPTERS" IN

THE WEEK'S BULESQUE
Described as a "merry, tuneful and colorful blending of laughter, music, dancing and pretty girls," is the entertainment provided for this week at the Bijou Theatre.

"The Tempters" is the title given to their organization by Baker and Kahn. The program features two comedians, "Married for a Day" is the title of the first, and "Circus Life" indicates the nature of the second of these two divisions of the show. Interlarded is an olio of specialties, which are said to be numerous and diversified.

The principals of the company are Sidney Rogers, Charles Baker, Bertha Gibson, Fred Dunham, Charles Cole, Armita, Louise Storer, Eddie Rio and Ruth Everett. They are assisted by a chorus of twenty-four singing and dancing girls. There is said to be a change of costume for each musical or dance number, in which the talents of the big bevy of choristers are displayed.

Each of the musical travesties is said to be gorgeously staged, the electrical and mechanical effects employed for the enhancement of the scenic environment.

LIVER TROUBLES AND THEIR CURE

Polk Miller's 25 Years' Fame.

For more than twenty-five years the name and fame of our beloved Southerner, Polk Miller, has spread. Mr. Miller was a practical druggist and believed in practical methods of prescribing drugs. His prescription for a liver medicine has indeed become a prescription and a most safe remedy. Polk Miller's Liver Pills are sold and recommended by thousands of druggists. Calomel and salts are dangerous to delicate organs. Polk Miller's Liver Pills act gently, removing the deadly bile and secretions quickly and tone up the system, cures biliousness, headaches, constipation. Ask your druggist or general store for a box. Free sample on request by writing to Polk Miller Drug Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.—Advertisement.

H. Hickman Walton, Jr.

Jennie Elvidge.

Do the Funny "Fox Trot"

AT H. HICKMAN WALTON, JR.'S,

DANCING ACADEMY

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He asked to be permitted to interpolate his old specialty, but he was afraid it might offend. The character as Warfield wanted to portray it was an old side pedler, short beard, derby hat pushed down over his ears, a shrunken, humorous figure; in brief, a figure of the city streets, not the conventional caricature of the theatre.

One day the New York Herald arranged a baseball game to be played between actors at the Polo Grounds. All the actors who couldn't play ball were widely advertised to appear on the field in costume to sell peanuts and soups. Warfield, thinking here was a chance, and he decided to try his characterization on the crowd. By one of the strangest freaks in theatrical history he leaped into fame in a night.

After the game Lederer came up in a great hurry and said: "Can you do that in the show to-night?" "That's what I've been coaxing you to let me do all along," Warfield replied. So that night Simon Levi was introduced into the performance of "The Merry World" at the Casino, and Warfield's Broadway fame was won.

Soon after this he signed a three years' contract with Weber & Fields to appear in three or four burlesques a year at their music hall in New York. In this connection it is reported that the words and actions, usually offensive, have almost disappeared from the contemporary stage. Warfield's Simon is no caricature. It is a creation as true to life as human effort can make. He has received the highest appreciation in quarters where the ordinary comedian of the type is most disliked.

It is said that what most encouraged Warfield in his ambition to seek a stage career was all the bad acting he saw in the theatre, and in this way he gradually acquired a fund of anecdotes that made him in demand by clubs and lodges, where his recitation found much favor. His old English skit was entitled "A Quarrel in a Jewish Lodge," and it was the inception of his characterization which has found its highest development in Simon Levi.

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